THE New Republic

Isolationism Among the Democrats

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An Afternoon in Kiev

By PETER ECCLES

Medical Care in Britain . . . . . *Anne T. Moore*

Myths that Sustain Men . . . . . *H. J. Muller*

Rouault and Society . . . . . *Frank Getlein*

Macmillan's Deep Freeze . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

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A Communication from William Styron

APRIL 6, 1959

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Washington Wire

Chattahoochee Underground

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON was no great shakes as a battle, but it probably won the Revolution because it kept the Revolution going. Washington crossed the Delaware on a snowy Christmas Eve, captured a thousand Hessians and got out again. The cause looked up; men reenlisted. Besides the Hessians, the raw recruits had captured self-respect.

Last week the new, untried freshman Senate liberals won their first skirmish, immediately lost it again, and now look at each other with a wild surmise. The minor event could be significant, and bears analysis.

Last November, as you remember, the nation—heartily sick of Eisenhower—gave the Democratic Party an astonishing victory. The Party won 9 governorships, 46 new House seats and 13 Senate seats. Since the South was already solidly Democratic the remarkable gains were mostly in liberal territory outside of the South. The country sat back and waited for something to happen.

What happened, of course, was that nothing happened. The great election victory flowed into the conservatively-controlled Congress like the Chattahoochee River into the Sahara and was swallowed up.

Senator Lyndon Johnson and the Southern committee chairmen welcomed it with glad smiles and took it over. As a classic example of non-representation, Lyndon Johnson's Democratic Policy Committee (which decides what bills to push) is drawn today from these eight states—Alabama, Arizona, Georgia, Missouri, Montana (2), Oklahoma, Rhode Island and Texas. These eight Lyndon Johnson states have 80 electoral votes; the 41 states not represented have 454 votes.

There were rumors of a big explosion when the new Congress assembled. Nothing of the sort. Paul Douglas met the newcomers at the door with eager hand and shining face and said "Kill Rule 22" (the filibuster rule). They didn't. Perhaps it was too much to expect. It is a lot to ask of a freshman member awed by his setting, confronted by hoary tradition, and with his committee assignments unsecured, to be told at the threshold of a new life that he must instantly choose between going fraternity and non-fraternity.

Johnson won overwhelmingly. He followed this up with a fast, make-believe "compromise" on civil rights. The subsequent record of the new Congress in its first three months (now interrupted by Easter recess) is almost precisely that of the undistinguished old Congress before the huge November liberal victory. Almost anywhere you look conservatives seem in control. The Chattahoochee is underground.

GOP-Dixie Axis

BUT THINGS aren't the same. It is worthwhile taking a minute's time to look at a couple of votes which were taken in the Senate last week.

On Monday, by a vote of 49 to 46, the Senate passed the $389 million distressed areas bill to give loans and grants where unemployment is chronic. It is similar to the bill Eisenhower vetoed last year and 700 percent more than he recommended.

Undoubtedly Eisenhower will veto the bill, and the close vote shows he cannot be overridden. The point is the analysis of the score. The Democrats voted 45-16 for, the Republicans 4-30 against.

Fourteen of the 16 Democrats who voted against the bill were Southerners. Mostly they are the haughty men who—with the Republicans—control Congress by seniority committee chairmanships. There was Harry Byrd (Va.), chairman of the Finance committee, Eastland (Miss.), chairman of Judiciary, McClellan (Ark.), chairman of Government Operations.

They were affected by last November's election hurricane; possibly they disapproved of it. They are the Norman nobles who govern England and continue to speak French. Their alliance with the 30 Republicans in this instance shows how strong is the traditional GOP-Dixie axis.

But now look at the other side. Every one of the 17 newly-elected freshmen Democrats voted for the bill. They were the ones who gave it its bare, 3-vote majority. They average 15 or 20 years younger than the Dixiecrat seniors. If they can stamp their party with liberalism the future belongs to them. Already they can occasionally tip the balance. In fairness to Lyndon Johnson, he voted with them on this occasion.

A Second Trenton?

THE second test came on Wednesday on the unemployment compensation bill. It represented the first organized effort of freshmen Democrats to throw their weight around in this Congress. Significantly it came when Lyndon Johnson had gone back to Texas. It got only a note in the press—"liberals win surprise, temporary victory on emergency federal aid bill"—but it could be a kind of Battle of Trenton.

Freshmen Senators Joe Clark (D, Penna.) and Phil Hart (D, Mich.) combined with Pat McNamara (D, Mich.) to offer an amendment for a slightly more generous treatment of the long-term idle workers whom the Administration is shortly going to dump off the relief rolls. Unlike the one-man Proxmire show against Lyndon Johnson, this affair was planned in meticulous detail. And the "McNamara Amendment" won, 52-32, with Democrats voting 47-13 for; Republicans 5-19 against.

The Senate seniors smiled indulgently. Shortly thereafter they threw the amendment out, in conference with the House. But though it was not a lasting victory it was a potentially important one. The freshmen liberals are beginning to get around. They are not so awed any more; they have captured their Hessians. Under ordinary circumstances they might look to Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.)—ablest liberal parliamentarian in the Senate. But he has Presidential fish to fry. They are developing their own leadership.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Civil Rights Legislation*

SIRS:

THE implication of your editorial comment of March 30, 1959, that " . . . Senator Johnson's notion of a federal Community Relations Service 'to provide conciliation assistance in communities where [peaceful relations are threat-

(Continued on page 24)

Democrats and Aid

A LARGELY unnoticed feature of the House voting last week on foreign economic aid is that, though party ranks were split, only the Democrats divided along sectional lines. Standard Midwest isolationism in the GOP was less firm than the new isolationism of the Southern Democrats. At issue was an Administration request for the restoration of $225 million in funds cut from last year's appropriation for the Development Loan Fund. In agreeing to the cuts in conference committee last year, Senate negotiators had managed to include a clause in the conference report noting that the DLF funds being voted were "too small" and promising "earnest reconsideration" should the Administration show that the funds were needed prior to the next aid bill. The Administration did come back for more, but the House in the end agreed to restore only $100 million—less than half of the President's request. The most revealing vote, however, was not the 191-95 voice vote on the floor on March 24, salvaging the $100 million, but the 26-18 vote in closed session of the House Appropriations Committee four days earlier, in which the Committee voted to deny the DLF any additional funds.

Although the precise division in a closed session cannot be slated with absolute assurance, we are satisfied that the 26 anti-aid votes came from 12 Southern Democrats (there are 13 on the Committee) who were present for the vote, five Northern and Western Democrats, and nine Republicans. Any Administration can, of course, deliver some of the votes of its own partisans. But what is interesting is that the Republicans who did *not* follow the President cannot as a group be labeled Midwest Isolationism or Old Guardism. Their votes reflect the confusion in public opinion over the reasons for foreign aid, and the response of particular individuals caught in this confusion—just as the Northern and Western Democratic defections similarly show no consistent pattern. The hard-core opposition to the DLF on the part of the Southern members of the Committee could have profound long-term significance, raising the question of whether the Democratic Party of 1959 has a greater potential than does the Republican for carrying out an effective foreign economic policy.

The best-known of the Southern dissenters is Rep. Otto Passman (D, La.), who has his seat in the House on the strength of 14,900 primary votes, and who trembles each time he rises to denounce the aid program. But Mr. Passman cannot be dismissed as an isolated, overwrought Claghorn. When he rose this time in the Appropriations Committee to ask that *no* additional money be voted, he carried every one of his Southern colleagues with him—including such relatively restrained colleagues as Rep. Albert Thomas of Houston, Texas, chairman of the subcommittee which had previously approved $100 million! The 12-man Southern bloc, incidentally, was elected by a combined total of 333,043 votes—a figure equalling the vote polled by three of the Northern Democrats on the Committee (Fogarty of Rhode Island, Sheppard of California, Boland of Massachusetts). If there is any excuse for the Southern performance,

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it is that the Administration by its attacks on "spenders" has virtually invited political retaliation. Democrats, reacting in an understandable, if irresponsible, manner, have said: The President cannot have it both ways; we will cut where the interest of the constituents is not directly affected. But this explanation leaves unexplained why hostility to foreign aid is greater among the Southerners than others in the Democratic Party. Partially, it may be that Southern and border state representatives feel they represent their own "underdeveloped" areas. "As one who has supported this program in the past," said Rep. Joe L. Evins (D, Tenn.),

> I think that when we are not asked to spend funds for the development of our own nation, we have every right to ask also whether we should continue to appropriate billions blindly for further foreign expenditures.

Rep. Cleveland Bailey (D, W.Va.) similarly observed that he did not "see any difference in this loan provision of our economic aid program and the revolving fund in the distressed area legislation which the President vetoed except that this money goes outside the US."

That line of reasoning may go down well with the boys back home in the next election, but how long and how far can it be followed without undermining the security of the United States, and, incidentally, discrediting the Democratic Party as a force for international cooperation?

"The fool! He's cutting the wrong end"

Congressional Payrolls

THE OPENING of almost every new Congress is brightened by a flare of publicity about nepotism, and the 86th is no exception. There seems to be more to justify the standard headlines this time than in many years past. Unofficial counts show that 64 House members and 17 Senators now employ relatives. And among the items to which the Scripps-Howard newspapers point with pride in their current "series of sensational disclosures of Congressional payroll shenanigans" are:

Feb. 20—Six freshmen Congressmen had hired their wives.

March 3—Secretary of Rep. Ludwig Teller (D, N.Y.) was running an insurance business.

March 4—Rep. Randall Harmon (D, Ind.) was renting his front porch to government.

March 9—Nine persons found on more than one House payroll.

March 10—Representative Harmon tried to collect on his porch as mail drop.

March 12—Rep. Charles Buckley (D, N.Y.) puts political cronies on New York staff.

March 20—Rep. H. Carl Andersen (R, Minn.) kept his "retired" sister-in-law on payroll.

March 23—Rep. Francis Dorn (R, N.Y.) had law partner in $6,700 part-time job.

As a solution, the Scripps-Howard papers propose that Congress follow the federal courts in prohibiting the employment by its members of any blood relation or in-law within the degree of first cousin. And Rep. John Henderson (R, Ohio) has introduced a resolution to compel House members to file detailed information about any members of their family who work for them. The first remedy seems to us foolish; the second, less than is required. Not all relatives are deadheads, and some of the worst payroll abuses have no relation to relations.

There are cases in which a son or daughter or wife can—and does—serve more effectively than would someone else. (The son of one Senator—who began as an $1,800-a-year file clerk and has advanced after 22 years to administrative assistant at $16,300—is generally recognized as one of the ablest aides on Capitol Hill. And he is not alone in this class.) Politics is a personal business, and an office holder should not be barred from taking competent, loyal help where he can find it.

But in more than a few cases relatives are on Congressional payrolls merely to add to the family income. Some House members frankly explain the practice by saying that it costs them $11,000 every two years to run for reelection and this is their way of recovering that expense. Resorting to this remedy for the high cost of campaigning only defers the day when Congress must take some other drastic step to lighten the burden.

Scripps-Howard sensationalism fails to point out that

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more abuses of the payroll probably occur in the name of patronage than of nepotism. The revelation of how one Democrat in a one-party district in a Northern city divides his office allowance among a few political cronies is not an isolated abuse. So long as records are secret—as they are in the Senate today—or hard to examine and interpret without cooperation of the clerks in charge—as in the House—it is comparatively simple to conceal such arrangements. The effect, when the facts are revealed, is to diminish respect for Congress. And—where there is any element of contest — to diminish the member's chances of returning after the next election. The answer is for payrolls in Senate and House to be fully available —so that opponents, if not supporters, can keep Congress reasonably honest. And, in the case of the House, to take into financial account the financial needs of Congressmen who have no outside source of income, who must maintain continuous contact with distant constituents and begin running for re-election within months after they have come to Washington. In spite of the raise in pay which has occurred meanwhile, it is unlikely that the budget deficit of a typical member differs much from the one disclosed by a 1952 survey:

Outgo	
Housing	$4,276
Living Expenses	6,700
Social obligations	1,200
Political obligations	2,520
Taxes	3,500
	$18,196
Income	
Salary and Expense allowance	$15,000
Deficit	$ 3,196

Measuring Fallout

THE RESPECTED scientists who compose the Advisory Committee on Radiation to the US Public Health Service fear for the public health and safety unless changes are made in present methods of protection from the hazards of radiation. The detailed report which this group, headed by Dr. Russell Morgan of Johns Hopkins, recently made to the Surgeon General points out that there now is *no* comprehensive program covering all sources of radiation. It recommends centralizing such authority in the Public Health Service rather than in the Atomic Energy Commission where it now rests on the ground that the AEC should not be its own judge and jury: "The Committee believes it unwise to continue the assignment of primary authority over the public health aspects of atomic energy in the same agency that has a prime interest in the promotional aspects of the field."

The AEC is believed to be increasingly sensitive on this point, though the agency has not thus far struck back publicly. In fact, Chairman John A. McCone has said the AEC had "no desire to pre-empt this area of activity, and if the Congress and the Executive Department wish to assign part of this activity to other federal agencies we will cooperate with them to the fullest." But the AEC will certainly put its foot down if, as Dr. Morgan recommends, Health Service inspectors go into AEC installations to check on compliance with safety standards. And the AEC can be expected to fight strenuously any effort to take away money or personnel from its research program.

One reason for rising public concern over radiation dangers is the new data made public two weeks ago by Sen. Clinton Anderson (D, N.M.), Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, on the latest nuclear weapons tests. It appears the facts on fallout are not what one had been lead to believe since the phenomena was first recognized. The danger from radioactive fission products released by nuclear explosions may be substantially greater than was supposed, both the AEC's Director Willard Libby and the Defense Department's Gen. Herbert Loper agree. On how much greater, they disagree. Until the study of the latest data, by General Loper's staff, fallout from bombs in the megaton range, according to the AEC, was supposed to be at the rate of 50 percent every seven years. The Defense Department study, however, showed that the debris fell on the earth in two years—considerably increasing the danger of contamination since the radioactivity of the strontium 90 element in the fallout would not have had as much time to "decay" in the faster rate of fall. On re-examination Dr. Libby admits his 7-year theory was wrong and suggests that four years is probably the correct figure. On a point so important to all humanity, there is surely need for a central arbiter—which the Public Health Service would become under the Morgan Committee plan.

There is the same need for re-examination of the so-called "maximum permissible levels" of strontium 90 and other radioactive elements which the human body can safely absorb. The "safe" MPC has been steadily lowered in years past, and the level of strontium 90 being detected in foods is steadily rising. Scientists admit there is no certainty about what is the "maximum permissible level," while signs mount that it may be poor policy to remain in ignorance any longer than absolutely necessary. The current issue of *Consumer Report* contains one such warning. An independent analysis by Consumers' Union of milk samples from 48 cities produced "incontrovertible evidence that the strontium 90 content of milk has been increasing since 1954." The amounts absorbed are still below the MPL, but, as the report concludes:

> A judgment as to whether we are now within or without prudent limits depends on a variety of uncertain factors . . . the answers to which have not yet been set by science.

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Schisms in the Sudan

ALTHOUGH General Ibrahim Abboud of the Sudan resolved the recent clash among his jockeying generals with the same impeccable good taste which characterized his bloodless, gentlemanly *coup d'etat* last November, the incidents in Khartoum in March reveal some fissures in the attitudes of the officers corps toward the ruling *junta*. And the cleavages are not—as the Cairo press has wishfully reported—between advocates of pro- or anti-Egyptian policies. What General Abboud seems to be sitting on is a Pandora's Box of personal and sectarian rivalries among his general officers, reinforced in a few cases by genuine differences of opinion on the long-term responsibilities of a military regime in the Sudan.

Abboud's rise to power in November was not by his own design, and there seems little doubt that he would be willing to return the Sudan to parliamentary government when and if it seems safe to do so. Much like General Chehab in Lebanon, he was selected by desperate civilian political leaders as the non-political figure most likely to rescue the country from the careening roller coaster of party politics which was carrying it toward anarchy and possible revolution. Public acceptance of the *coup* derived in part from sheer relief, but an equally important factor was that the military takeover was known to have the prior blessing of two of the most important behind-the-scenes political figures in Sudan—the Mahdis of the rival Ansar and Khatmiyah Islamic sects, who wield great power by virtue of their impressive personalities, their wealth, and their inherited following of some million adherents each.

Although a Khatmiyah, General Abboud has steered a meticulously non-partisan course between the two powerful religious orders, recognizing that the only hope for a united army front is to keep the brotherhood leaders carefully in balance and sectarian lines in the army well-sublimated. So far, he has succeeded in becoming neither a puppet nor a foe of the powerful religious orders.

Now that one of the army factions has broken the ice, (three disgruntled corps commanders made a token march on Khartoum on March 4 to demand a reshuffle of the Supreme Military Council) and had its first open demands on the regime met almost in their entirety, the position of General Abboud becomes more ticklish. There are going to be increasing secular as well as sectarian pressures on him, and he can no longer be as sure as he was before of the loyalty of a unified army to back up hard decisions. A period of compromise and placation would seem to be ahead. Bickering at the senior officer level will tend to encourage the rumblings among more radical, secular-minded junior officers that the November military *coup* was a sham since it was engineered by conservative civilians and carried out by conservative generals. There is also a considerable body of opinion which holds that the *junta* will have to steal some of the radicals' thunder—as in Pakistan—if a full-blown "colonels' revolt" is to be avoided.

The best that one can hope for is that the Sudanese officers corps will continue to settle its problems at the conference table instead of in the streets; that the strong sentiment in the army against Sudanese killing Sudanese will continue to act as a brake; and, above all, that the Sudan's neighbors and well-meaning friends from across the seas, including the US, will let the country work out its coming-of-age problems on its own. The Sudan has much to work with, both in leadership potential and resources, but it could easily become another Syria-1957 if outsiders try to turn internal schisms to their own advantage.

India and Tibet

"INDIA's sympathies," Prime Minister Nehru told Parliament on March 29, "are with the Tibetans." But Mr. Nehru declined to say specifically that India would give the Dalai Lama asylum, and he added that "if large numbers come, or if half the population comes, we could not admit them." In warning China that India would not "submit to dictation from any country," he was speaking not to the Communist coup in Tibet but to the slur on *Indian* sovereignty implicit in a Chinese suggestion that discussion of the Lhasa massacre in Parliament would be "impolite."

What are the Indians afraid of? The answer is, not a military but a political invasion from across the 1,000 mile Himalayan border separating India and China. Tibet has a natural magnetism for the predominantly Lamaist and Mongoloid mountain peoples of Ladakh (part of Indian-held Kashmir) and of the Indian-dominated buffer states of Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim. Thus, with control of Tibet, China has wide opportunities for subversion in the border areas. India, for her part, has heavy police forces posted at all of the strategic passes and maintains her own foreign-aid missions, military as well as economic, installing roads right up to the border (wide enough for tank traffic) and, in the case of Nepal, keeping Army training under direct Indian control.

But these remote areas cannot as a sheer physical matter be entirely immunized from infiltration, and the local dynasties in the buffer states offer a feudal inducement to political offensives. India is therefore guided to her relations with Communist China by a desire to keep the onus wholly on the Chinese for any deterioration in relations. The Chinese, Nehru believes, must be given no excuse for political annexation of the buffer states, since this would, in turn, provide a Chinese-controlled

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"rear" for any future Communist guerrilla activities in north India.

The fear is well-grounded, but Indian embarrassment in the present tragedy remains nonetheless profound. India has been embarrassed enough in the past. At the time of the 1951 Chinese invasion of Tibet, New Delhi urged Peking "to settle the Tibetan problem peacefully," only to be told to keep out of "Chinese domestic problems" and to be accused of consciously serving "foreign influences hostile to China." Despite this rebuff, the Indians proceeded to grant permission for rail shipments to Tibet across Indian territory from Calcutta harbor, obviating interminable mule-pack shipments to Lhasa across undeveloped Western China and eastern Tibet. Now the Chinese "have the audacity . . . to frighten us into continued silence by giving us undeserved credit for harboring the 'commanding center' of the rebellion. Let us hold our heads low" (*The Hindustan Times* of New Delhi on March 29). India, in failing to show the audacity to respond in kind, is not the first nation trapped ingloriously by the discomfiting necessities of real or imagined national self-interest. But the Indian embarrassment and discomfiture are magnified in proportion to the pretentious moralizing of Indian diplomacy so familiar in earlier years.

Out of Work, Out of Luck

THE STOP-GAP extension of unemployment compensation benefits enacted last week by the two houses of Congress found the right-of-center forces in both parties in full command. Congress was working against time: the temporary extension of benefits enacted a year ago at the pit of the depression expired on April 1. The present replacement continues the assistance for another three months for workers who are unemployed and have not used up their benefit rights at the time the extension goes into effect. Some 405,000 workers will be helped, but not the men and women who have been out of work since the recession first struck and whose rights are exhausted; and these form, at the moment, an unusually large part of the labor force.

Moreover, the new bill made no effort to make less obsolete a compensation system that is in great need of overhaul. Last year, when Secretary of Labor James Mitchell brought in the first extension bill, he resisted all reform proposals with the argument that only a simple extension, under existing provisions, had any chance of being adopted in time. This year the Democrats used the pressure of its expiration as an excuse for doing likewise.

There was to be sure some protest. In the House five Democrats objected to the limited nature of the Ways and Means Committee action. In the Senate eight Democrats asked for hearings. (They got them from the Finance Committee, under Senator Byrd's chairmanship, and the result was recommendation of the House bill. Senator Johnson, who had urged the eight to hold off until after the hearings, then urged a larger group, headed by Senator McNamara (D, Mich.), to accept the hearings' result.)

Within the Administration, Secretary Mitchell, who this year would like to see some reform, has had comparable treatment in respect to future proposals. He has urged extending benefits to include some 3.2 million workers who cannot now qualify; of these, 2 million would be added by bringing under the act employers of one or more employees, whereas coverage is presently limited to establishments with four or more workers; 1.2 million would be brought in by including employees of non-profit organizations. Mr. Mitchell has likewise urged that the average benefit be at least half of the average weekly wage earned in the state (in some states some unemployed receive as little as 15 percent of the average), and that benefits be paid for a minimum of 26 weeks if the recipient remains unemployed. One means of raising the necessary funds would be to make annual earnings of $4,200 rather than $3,000 the base on which the payroll tax is calculated.

But President Eisenhower torpedoed his Secretary by again insisting that unemployment compensation is a matter for the states to determine. So Secretary Mitchell, while saying in his role as a potential Vice Presidential nominee in 1960 that "I want improved compensation. I don't care how it's done," said in his role as a disciplined Cabinet member, "The President has made a decision that he wants to see this left to the states. I agree with the President."

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Negotiations—No Change

WE find little in the latest Soviet statement, released by *Tass* this past week-end, to justify the prickle of optimism in the US over the chances for a European "settlement." Talk about non-aggression pacts and renunciation of all further atomic tests is so much wind. When it comes to defining purposes more precisely, the Russians are not likely to accept any alterations in the *status quo* which might lead to the decline of their power in Eastern Europe, and that includes East Germany. And the West, handicapped though it now is by its relative inferiority in both conventional and missile force, is not prepared to weaken its collective defense arrangements, or permit West Berlin to be more tightly encircled, or renounce its long-term desires for a re-birth of political and social freedoms throughout Europe.

It is hoped that Summit talks now scheduled for May 11 will accomplish what could not be accomplished at lesser altitudes. We share that hope, but we are not impressed by the assumption that negotiations between less-exalted representatives have not succeeded because only Khrushchev can speak for the USSR. They have not succeeded because though both sides speak of "security," they are not out to secure the same things. Mr. Khrushchev speaks of "West Berlin being rid of the occupationists." But it is the Soviet occupation of Eastern Europe which continues to divide East from West. And nothing said so far in Moscow suggests the Russians are considering "being rid" of that occupation.

Suslov's Surprise Reconnaissance Trip to Britain

London

MR. SUSLOV, who is believed to be the main exponent in Russia of the "tough" line in both home and foreign policy, had never until last week visited the Western world. He is much less familiar to Western diplomats in Moscow than most of his colleagues, though he now ranks second only to Khrushchev in the Communist hierarchy. It was, therefore, something of a surprise when it suddenly became known that he had accepted an invitation to visit Britain from a small group of Labour M.P.'s who have always cultivated close contacts with Russia. What is more, he agreed to bring with him a most impressive group of colleagues, including Mr. Satyulov, the editor of *Pravda*; Mr. Ponomarev, the leading Russian expert on the international Communist and Socialist movement; and Mr. Satchkov, chairman of the State Committee for Economic Relations with Foreign Countries.

There has been tremendous interest among students of Russia in Britain to see what Suslov was like and to discover the purpose of his visit. He kept very much out of the public eye, and apart from a brief courtesy visit to the Foreign Secretary he confined himself to meeting Labour Party people, including Gaitskell and Bevan, whom he is said to have invited to Russia in return. In his few public speeches, he did no more than to state official Soviet policy in the most rigid way. But he traveled to Labour Party and trade union meetings in various parts of the country as an observer, and he visited working-class homes. It looks as if the main purpose of his trip, like that of Macmillan to Moscow, was reconnaissance, not negotiation. But unlike Macmillan, he was interested not in exploring the government's views, but in getting some impression of the British Labour movement as a whole.

Why Mr. Suslov should visit Britain to investigate the Labour Party at first hand is difficult to decide. Perhaps the following hypothesis may come near the truth: one of Khrushchev's main arguments for the New Look in Soviet foreign policy since the 20th Party Congress is that the Social-Democratic Parties of the Western world can work together with the Soviet Communist Party in the pursuit of peace, even though they reject Communist ideology. Khrushchev repeated this argument at the 21st Congress earlier this year, and it played an important role in the debates at the Polish Communist Party Congress in March. I believe that Suslov may have come to form his own estimate of the political attitude and the electoral strength of the Labour Party. Or perhaps he was encouraged to visit Britain by Khrushchev himself, in the belief that the evidence of his own eyes would convince him where argument would not.

YET I doubt whether anyone in Britain has a much clearer idea of Suslov's true personality than before. He is a tall and vigorous man with sensitive, almost feminine features, a shock of unruly hair, spectacles and an academic stoop. He showed an almost embarrassing nervousness before answering awkward questions, but once launched on his reply he spoke with fluent authority in a style which owes much more to Stalin than to Khrushchev. Though he lost no opportunities for smiling, there was always something calculated about his behavior; one never felt the same immediate contact with a human personality which is so striking about a meeting with Khrushchev, who is his opposite in almost every way. These few physical impressions are all that most British observers could gain; we may therefore have to wait some time before we have any useful clues to what impact the trip made on him.

DENIS HEALEY

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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL and SENATOR JOSEPH CLARK

The Modern Fallacy

FOR AN INSIGHT into the modern political philosophy now dominant in Congress, consider some comments made by one of its more articulate spokesmen, Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania.

As quoted in the current issue of the *Atlantic* magazine, Mr. Clark expresses annoyance that the word "government" is sometimes equated with "other nouns having an evil connotation—such as 'waste', 'extravagance', 'socialism', 'bureaucracy'." . . . He objects to the "fallacy" that "private spending is inherently good and public spending is inherently bad."

But the real point is the clearly implied one: That Americans should learn to regard growing government and growing government spending as positive and good things; as another of the "moderns" in Congress has expressed it, the danger may be not that we have too much government but too little. . . .

Well, let's see. Some rather marked—and inherent—differences between public and private spending occur at once. Private spending comes from the money individuals are able to accumulate through their own work. Public spending cannot come from anything generated by the government itself; it comes from what the government is able to extract from those same individuals either in actual taxes or in the more sinister tax of inflation. . . .

Beyond these elementary differences are others. The vast bulk of public spending is non-productive; that is true not only of defense but of many other things the government does. The government is by and large a consumer of huge hunks of the economy, while private individuals are mostly producer-consumers. The latter combination is what makes the economy grow. Moreover, the bigger the government becomes the more it competes with the private economy, and in this pressure against the available limit of supplies is a special inflationary force.

And because government operates without the built-in restraints of the private economy, it is a peculiarly powerful incubator for precisely the evils Senator Clark thinks should not be associated with government—waste, extravagance, bureaucracy. The bigger the government the worse the evils.

Finally, what is the political result of encouraging government growth and growing government spending on the theory that, after all, they are not really bad? The end result must be the triumph of the state over the individual. . . .

There is an appalling air of naïveté about the expressed views of some of the modern political philosophers. It is impossible that they are unacquainted with the history of man's struggle against the all-encompassing state, which is also the very heart of today's conflict with Communist tyranny. Can it be, then, that they are incapable of relating past and present human experience to their own country?

WALL STREET JOURNAL, March 4, 1959

The Ancient Folklore

FOR AN INSIGHT into the archaic political philosophy still dominant in Wall Street, consider some comments made by one of its more articulate spokesmen, the editor of the *Wall Street Journal*.

As quoted in an article in the March 4 issue of that newspaper entitled "The Modern Fallacy," the editor expressed annoyance at those who challenge the assertion that private spending for whatever purpose is necessarily better than public spending for any purpose.

The real point is the clearly implied one: That Americans should complacently regard growing spending for liquor, tobacco, cosmetics, Cadillacs, tranquilizers, yachts, and parties at the Stork Club as positive and good things; as others of the dinosaur descendants on Wall Street have often expressed it, the danger may be not that we have too little public spending for national defense, schools, highways, hospitals, unemployment compensation and flood control, but too much. . . .

Well, let's see. Some rather marked—and inherent—differences between public and private spending occur at once. Private spending may come from the money individuals are able to accumulate through their own work; it may also come, as it does in my case, from selecting ancestors who thought they were developing a sugar plantation but turned out to be squatting on top of a salt dome surrounded by a rich oil pool.

Beyond these elementary differences are others. The vast bulk of public spending is for purposes without which life itself would have little meaning: protection against the threat of destruction by, or in the alternative, slavery under a Communist dictatorship; and such mundane but necessary things as police and fire protection, water and sewer facilities, street construction and repair, the postal service, indeed all of that environment without which the editor of the *Wall Street Journal* could neither publish nor disseminate his strongly-held economic views.

And because our present tax laws are so full of inequitable loopholes, we have today a powerful incubator for what the editor of that newspaper, I am sure, thinks should not be associated with private enterprise—waste, extravagance, plutocracy.

Finally, what is the political result of discouraging all public spending without any consideration of its political, social or economic justification? The end result must be the destruction of Western civilization. . . .

There is an appalling air of naïveté about the expressed views of some of the ancient political philosophers. It is impossible that they are unacquainted with the history of man's struggle to conquer nature and subdue the devil within himself—which is also the very heart of today's conflict with atheistic and amoral Communist tyranny. Can it be, then, that they are incapable of relating past and present human experience to their own country?

SEN. JOSEPH S. CLARK

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Medical Care in Britain

by ANNE TAYLOR MOORE

THE BRITISH National Health Service is now a decade old. And yet to many of us, even to many medical men who should know better, the British health plan calls up a series of confused images—or no image at all. A British MP, the Rev. Llewellyn Williams, returned flabbergasted from a recent American tour and described to the House of Commons "a consultant, attached to a large city hospital and a medical school in a university, who believed that all doctors in this country are directed by Whitehall, exactly like soldiers in the Army."

Perhaps the best evidence of the acceptance of state medicine in England is the fact that neither the Conservative nor the Labour Party today would risk its political future by attempting to abolish the Service. In the Parliamentary debate last July, commemorating the tenth anniversary of the plan, Labour and Conservative MP's emphasized their respective and important roles in its growth and development. Aneurin Bevan, the fiery first Minister of Health under the new system, termed the Service "a marked success—indeed so successful that there is now competition in claiming its paternity."

During three separate trips to England in the past three years, I have talked with a large number of patients, interviewed some 50 doctors both in and out of the Health Service, visited eight hospitals and interviewed two front bench Labour MPs, one a Parliamentary Secretary, the other a Minister of Health in the 1945-51 Labour Cabinet. On two occasions, I experienced state medicine as a patient, both in an NHS doctor's "surgery" and in a hospital clinic. I have thus had some opportunities to observe how doctors and patients regard British medical care.

To understand the British reaction one should first understand that what is commonly though not quite accurately called "socialized medicine" did not spring full-blown on July 5, 1958, from the brow of Labour's Bevan. Its most illustrious ancestor was the National Health Insurance Act of 1911, the triumph of a Liberal, Lloyd George. The 1911 Act provided about one-third of the British population (the lower-income working class) with medical services in the doctor's office and in home visits. However, its benefits were available to only the contributing working member. Specialist and hospital services were not part of the plan.

The major and dramatic difference between the 1911 and 1948 health measures was the method of financing. While the 1911 Act was an insurance program, subsidized by the state (*i.e.*, a group spreading the risk of illness through contributions which make each member eligible for specific benefits), the 1948 Act assumed responsibility for the health of the *total* population. It offers services based on medical need and is financed mainly from taxes which are collected by the National Exchequer.

At first, there were at least three major misconceptions about how the Service would work. Both doctors and patients feared there would be no free choice of doctors, that private medicine would be all but obliterated, that the doctor-patient relationship (sacred to both) would somehow be destroyed when the doctor became a "state servant."

Yet, today, only two percent of the people care to remain outside of the Health Service to receive private medical care. The other 98 percent are registered with NHS general practitioners who are reimbursed on a per-capita basis. A small segment prefer to go to a private physician for some complaints and their NHS doctor for "run-of-the-mill" disorders. Some NHS doctors have a small number of private patients, and many doctors in private practice report that they are losing some of their patients to Health Service physicians. In some instances, where the patient's financial circumstances appear marginal, doctors suggest that patients have a needed operation under the NHS.

The main criticism of the Service I heard from patients is the long wait endured before being admitted to a hospital. Doctors admit there is still a shortage of hospital beds, and they are asking for more hospital space, yet they insist that a bed is always found for emergency cases. On the other hand, patients feel that the initial fears about the doctor-patient relationship have proved unfounded. They see no evidence of a lack of individual attention. In the few instances where patients are dissatisfied, they are at liberty under the NHS to change to another doctor. In cases where the patient feels there is evidence of medical negligence the matter is brought before a special committee under the local NHS Council. Both doctor and patient present their side of the issue—

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this in contrast to countries where purely private medicine exists and such matters are usually handled through costly and complicated legal procedures.

Doctors have varied and various complaints about the Health Service, though at the same time they say they are in favor of the idea of the Service and hope for improvements as time goes on. The minority view is represented by a group of doctors called Fellowship for Freedom of Medicine, (Ltd.) who have banded together to protest the socialization of medicine. They charge that a "deterioration in the standard of Medicine" has taken place since "the Appointed Day," and they believe in "putting more responsibility for his health on the patient." Critics of the Fellowship suggest that it is more concerned with maintaining the "prestige" of the medical profession than in the health needs of the total community.

On the whole, salary scales do not satisfy the doctors. In 1953, they were given their first raise, and a Royal Commission is now looking into the entire subject of remuneration. Since the inquiry is a searching and time-consuming one, two interim raises have been given NHS doctors—one in May, 1957, the other this January, of roughly five and four percent respectively. There also persists a sharp controversy over the present method of payment—a fee for general practitioners based on the number of patients they handle. Some doctors feel this method is just, in that it rewards a doctor for good doctoring—more leisure for keeping patients well; others insist that doctors under the present system fear losing patients if they don't give them what they ask for—their bottle of medicine or favorite green pills—whether the prescription will help or not. There is no way at present for giving a higher fee to the older practitioner who is often more experienced in his profession. Also, the economic motive forces doctors to attain, if they can, a maximum list of patients (3,500), which gives rise to a dispute over whether any doctor can adequately serve that number without undue strain on the doctor. It may well be that the Royal Commission will recommend another basis of remuneration when its report, promised for this summer, is published.

The prevailing opinion in America, I find, is that Britain's medical experiment must be a luxury which few countries could support. The American press does little to contradict this notion.

A NEWS STORY in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, reporting on the tenth anniversary of the Health Service, called it "a success, an expensive success to be sure." Yet Professor Richard Titmuss of the London School of Economics, one of the fiscal architects of the Service, is convinced that the cost—approximately three percent of the national budget—is reasonable. In 1956 his opinion was reenforced when a special committee (referred to by the name of its chairman, C. W. Guillebaud) after inquiring into the cost of the Health Service, reported that there was little room for further economy. Those who hoped that the Guillebaud Report would expose alleged scandals and extravagances inherent in state medicine were sorely disappointed.

The total cost of the Health Service has grown from £435 million in 1949-50 to an estimated £735 million for the present year. If these figures look alarming, it must be remembered that the *percentage* of the national income spent on the Service has remained the same, indeed, has slightly decreased.

WHO benefits most from 10 years of the NHS? Naturally the poorer classes to whom this kind of medical care was never before easily available, as well as the middle classes who frequently found it financially burdensome to be ill under private medicine. The present Minister of Health, Derek Walker-Smith, stresses the striking change in the pattern of disease over the past decade. These happy figures cannot be wholly ascribed to the Health Service—higher standards of nutrition, better housing, new drugs and surgical techniques are also contributing factors. Still, within a decade, the infant mortality rate in England has dropped from 33.9 to 23 per thousand, the maternal mortality rate has fallen from 1.02 to .47, the number of tuberculosis patients went from 552 to 107 per million of the population. Statistics like these seem to show that when medical care is available to all segments of the population, in a preventive as well as curative way, the whole community is the beneficiary.

Finally, one of the major benefits to be derived from any national health program is that it places on government responsibility for taking the long view; planning for the future is not lost sight of in the concerns of the moment. Government officials active in health affairs are well aware of both immediate and future problems. The Ministry of Health, cognizant of the present shortage of dentists is, through preventive approaches like the fluoridation of water, hoping to effect important benefits to the nation. Surplus TB beds are being devoted to other purposes—non-tubercular chest conditions, geriatrics and mental health. The long wait for assignment to hospital beds has been reduced by 11.5 percent while attendance at out-patient clinics has risen by 12 percent. The Health Ministry, through local medical councils, is bringing about a more even distribution of doctors by controlling areas in which new practices are allowed and encouraging doctors, through financial inducements, to go into under-doctored areas. Government planning to reduce the liabilities of the Health Service have already proved partially effective.

One can fairly conclude that Britain's gigantic medical enterprise has come through its first decade, not without problems, but with the whole-hearted sanction of most of its patients and practitioners.

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An Afternoon in Kiev

by PETER ECCLES

THE SUN SHINES strongly but pleasantly. We had wanted to wander about and meet students informally; the Rector of Kurov University in Kiev had kindly consented. I pressed through the crowd of students, not sure where to go, but I knew that I wanted to do it alone: one tired of being one of six. I wandered slowly down the darkened hall. There was a stairway on my left; I was a little undecided about going up, when a small girl tugged at my elbow, "Do you want me to show you around?"

I smiled, a little indecisive. Her frilly dress looked recently pressed; then I realized that she was one of the student reporters who had interviewed us during the morning. "No, thank you very much," I said. Climbing to the first landing, I heard quiet steps behind me. I turned; she was staring up, hopefully. Frowning, I said, "Please . . ."

"I won't insist upon showing you about if you don't want me . . ." she said sadly. I was embarrassed, but managed, *"Spasiba,* thank you." I wondered if I had been impolite.

It had been bright on the stairway, but when I reached the second floor hall, the same somber darkness again enveloped me. Here, the chatter of voices splattered down the corridor. Several groups of students were standing about along the walls, much like American high school students between classes. I walked rapidly down the corridor, anxious to find someone who could speak English, who wasn't expecting me and who would not consider me one of that anonymous group of semi-celebrities "who arrive and whom we never meet." I asked the first two boys who were engaged in a rather heated conversation, *"Pangliski?* Can you speak English?" They shook their heads and muttered the word that meant German.

I stopped behind a blonde girl who was chattering a little more loudly than her friends; her hair was uncombed and long, an unfortunate combination. She couldn't see me, but the others fell silent. The blonde girl continued her monologue. I smiled and winked at the others. She turned around; her face reddened and her voice stopped mid-sentence. *"Pangliski?"* I inquired.

"Fransooski? French?" I ventured. Again, shaking of heads. A dark girl replied, *"Mala,"* which meant "a little."

But I hadn't introduced myself, so I began in Russian, *"Ya* Peter Eccles, *tolka* Peter. *Ya Americahnitz."* Their eyes brightened, as if I had dropped out of the sky. They whispered to one another, "He's an American," as if they doubted what they had heard.

The blonde girl had recovered her composure by now; she smiled a friendly sort of smile and rubbed her hair into place. After a moment, she clapped her hands and mumbled under her breath, "Sasha."

"Nee panyamayu," I said shaking my head, "I don't understand."

She rubbed at her hair again, smiled more broadly. "Sasha, Sasha," and then continued to stare at me, saying, almost shouting, "SASHA."

"Nee panyamayu," I said again. She turned to her friends and they all giggled. Then she pushed past me and ran down the hall. It was very confusing and, after a moment, I scratched my head and turned back to the group. In French, I asked the dark-haired girl's name.

She shrugged her shoulders, saying *"Fransooski, ochen mala. . . .* She knew very little French."

I asked her again, this time slowly. Putting her hand on her chest, she said, "Gala." I smiled and said it after her. I was asking her to have the other girls tell me their names, but they started to giggle again. Someone tugged at my arm; it was the blonde-haired girl; she had combed her hair and with her was a rather tall, dark, crew-cut of a student. It was "Sasha." He smiled and began, "I speak English, you are an American." He shook my hand firmly, and said that he would like to talk to me; he wanted to practice his English, but he had a lecture. "Would you like to go to the lecture?"

"Conyeshna, of course, I would like to go to your lecture."

He practically pulled me down the hall with him, with the chattering girls following. The hall was very dark with cracks of light cutting through the widely spaced wooden doors. At the end of the hall, Sasha pulled open the last door, disclosing a large room with three-seater desks. At the front was a plain lectern; the walls were bare and painted pale green. Large windows let in light from the spring afternoon. Curiously enough, though the hall was equipped for fifty, there were only sixteen present. The professor stood at the front and the sixteen students clustered at the back right corner next to the

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door. I remembered my freshman classes; students would enter and take seats toward the rear.

My presence, I am afraid, was somewhat distracting. Notes were passed from person to person in French, in English, usually in Russian. Sasha and Gala would receive them and attempt to translate them to me. I would write the answer and this would be re-translated back to Russian and passed back to the questioner. They wanted to know my name, my business, where were the others, why I was here, how long was I staying, and would we be able to talk later. Soon Sasha and Gala could answer the questions without consulting me. The recitations continued. The professor would call a name and ask a question. The student would stand and give an extended response; it was a course in the Law Faculty and each student spoke as if he were being heard by an overflow gallery.

Whenever a student's name was called, a book was passed to him by the others. The book travelled the route of the called names. I wondered if there was a book shortage. Turning to Sasha, I asked, "Whose book is that?"

He smiled as if pleased that I should consult him. "Why, that's our book."

"But who owns it?"

"We do. It belongs to all of us."

Gala jabbed me in the back with her fountain pen. I turned and she pushed a card into my hand. It was rose and white and looked a little like a Mother's Day greeting. On the front cover, however, were inscribed the sacred words: *Myr e Druzshba* (Peace and Friendship), and inside, Gala had written in French, "To Peter, our Friend. Remember to tell them the Soviet people don't want war." The same words said again and again and again. I whispered, "*Conyeshna,* of course. I will remember."

When the bell finally rang calling an end to the class, the last student was finishing his recitation; it seemed synchronized. The members of the class crowded around with new questions. I told Sasha that I would have to go downstairs to meet the other members of the delegation, but that perhaps downstairs we could talk. We headed through the doors and down the stairs. They followed, shouting questions, telling some of their friends in the hallway that they had been visited by a guest who had stayed to hear their recitations. Soon their friends followed, for Sasha had informed them there were five others in the delegation. He was answering all the questions, telling me afterward what had been asked.

As we reached the first floor and started to the front of the building, I saw Judy and Ralph with similar groups of students moving in the same direction. We were all on our way to the front where the bus would be waiting to take us to the next place on the program. The sun was shining and as we stepped onto the red columned porch, it was like emerging from a darkened tunnel.

"What nationality are you?" The short, plump girl had pushed her way through the crowd.

We stopped.

"*Ya Americahnitz,*" I said. Sasha also said it in Russian.

"But are you a real American?"

I rubbed my shoulders and my arms, "What do you mean by a real American?" I inquired. "I am an American."

"You know, a true American."

A pause. There was twittering in the crowd. Finally she began again, "My friends want to know, if you are an American, why don't you look like your friends?"

"How do my friends look?" I began. "Dave has blond hair, Peter brown, Ralph black, Judy and Jay somewhere in between. Ralph has dark eyes, Judy's, I think, are blue; Jay has green eyes and Dave bluish green. Peter has dark brown eyes. What does a real American look like?"

Finally she began again, "Is your mother American?"

"Yes, and my father, too. And his father and his mother . . . and my mother's father and mother. Surely I'm 100 percent American." But they shook their heads.

Then someone piped up from the back of the crowd, "What nationality are you?"

"Still American." A few smiles and more twittering. Finally I could hear the word in Russian; it was coming through the crowd. You could feel the question forming and you could hear Sasha denying it in Russian, and never getting around to asking in English. Finally they did, "Are you Negro?"

"*Da-da, yes, yes,*" And their eyes brightened and the edges of their mouths turned up and the dimples showed and they talked of Paul Robeson.

Sasha said, "He sings so beautifully, Paul Robeson." The girls nodded their heads in appreciative agreement, murmuring the Russian words for "very beautiful." They were very happy. "Do you know him personally?" asked the plump girl.

"No, I don't know him," I said. They were dismayed.

A RATHER gaunt young man with a Ukrainian shirt that looked much like a Miami creation, pushed through the crowd. He repeated his question to Sasha; the tone of his voice told that he wished it translated. Sasha was silent. "What did he say?" I asked. "Please translate."

"He is asking political questions."

"That's all right, Sasha. What is he asking?"

"He wants to know why . . . he says your government will not let Paul Robeson come to our country. He wants to know why?"

I said to tell him that I was uncertain precisely why Paul Robeson's passport had been restricted, but that his case was in the courts where I was certain that a fair decision would be reached. In fact, just a week before, he had been granted permission for hemispheric travel. Moreover, from previous cases involving freedom of

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travel, I thought he would eventually receive his passport by court ruling . . . and then he would probably come to visit them in their country.

Eyes brightened, sighs burst forth. The sky was bluer, and Sasha murmured, *"Ochen harosha.* You know the Soviet people love Paul Robeson."

"Do you know why we love him?" I shook my head. "It's because he thinks Soviet songs are important enough to sing. We all have his records singing Soviet songs." An expectant pause, then "This is why we love Paul Robeson."

"Do they make him suffer much?" asked a rather large, blonde-haired girl.

"Of course not," I said. A week before *Pravda* had reported a Robeson concert given at Carnegie Hall. "Didn't you read the article in *Pravda* last Sunday?"

They all nodded happily.

Finally, the plump girl concluded, "He is of your nationality."

"Yes, he is an American, too," I declared firmly.

There was an awkward pause while she looked for the words. She felt that I had misunderstood, or she had misunderstood. And finally, she shook her head and said, "No, I mean he is a Negro, too."

"You *mean to say* that we are both of the same race. Our nationality is American."

But Sasha was not convinced, "I am Nationality Ukrainian and a Soviet citizen." He pointed to a boy in the crowd who was clay-brown with high cheekbones; his hair was straight and silky. "He is Uzbek Nationality. He, too, a Soviet citizen." Pointing to a dark-haired girl, he designated her Azerbaijhan and another Georgian. He said, "You see, you are Negro Nationality and American citizen."

"Nyet, nyet," I shook my head. I asked Sasha what was his mother tongue.

"Ukrainian."

"And what's the Uzbek's?"

"Uzbeki."

"And the Azerbaijhan?"

"Azerbaijhan." He was beginning to understand.

"My language is English, like all other Americans. Italians, Germans, Hungarians, when they come to America and wish to become Americans, they adopt the language, the customs. My culture is American, like all the others. My history is their history. My nationality is American."

Sasha understood. But the little girl, the plump one with the dark hair who was concerned with nationality, was not convinced. It was as if she were being deserted by the rest of humanity, when the others nodded in understanding. "Why won't they let the Negroes speak their own language?" she blurted out.

A Testament from "Lieutenant Schmidt"

by Boris Pasternak

"IN VAIN in days of chaos
We look for a happy end:
Some bear their Golgotha;
Some judge, and some repent.

"Like you, I am an atom
In a time of transformation,
And I accept your verdict,—
Resigned, without vexation.

"I'm sure you have the power
To sweep me off your stage,
O martyrs of your dogma,
O victims of your age!

"For thirty years I've cherished
My country's destiny,
Yet I do not ask or hope for
Your magnanimity.

"The days we brood upon,
Remembering their roar,
Were days of surging waves
That hurled me to the fore.

"IT WAS HARD to stand aloof,
And harder not to give
My life. I don't regret
The way I chose to live.

"I stand between two eras
At war, and I rejoice:
The post between two camps
I occupy by choice."

1927

Translated from the Russian by Eugene M. Kayden

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The Superficial Aspect

Macmillan's Deep Freeze

AT THE MOMENT of writing—but Allah alone knows for how long—it seems possible, not to say probable, that the Limey has pulled us out of the hole in Berlin. Mr. Harold Macmillan, I must admit, took me by surprise; I didn't think he had it in him, and in that respect I believe that I am at one with the majority of my fellow-Americans. Moreover, even if it proves to be true, I shall refuse to attribute the happy event to Mr. Macmillan's superior ability as a horse-trader. If it was done, the Deep Freeze did it.

Mr. Macmillan, be it remembered, is a British aristocrat (Eton, Oxon., married to a Cavendish, etc.). In Moscow Mr. Macmillan, while going about his lawful occasions, was grossly insulted by a ranker of no antecedents named Khrushchev. Now there is no colder proposition this side of Little America than an M.A. (Oxon.) with a sense of outrage, unless perchance it is an M.A. (Cantab.) in a similar state of mind. Mr. Macmillan responded to the insult in the manner customary among British aristocrats, which is to say, he opened not his mouth, he merely looked down his nose. But when one of those characters turns on the full force of his disdain, the furnace of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, although seven times heated, would sprout icicles.

The ranker, Khrushchev, simply couldn't take it, as who could? The bath of liquefied air reduced him to red-faced, stuttering incoherence within 24 hours, and in his embarrassment he made startling promises. Presumably he has no intention of keeping them unless he can be convinced that it will be profitable to do so; but he has made them, and that gives us a chance to persuade him that honesty is, if not the best, at least a dividend-paying policy.

This would seem to be a definite gain because, while it is certain that Americans feel no overwhelming impulse to shower the Russians with love and kisses, neither have we any compelling reason to try to skin them out of anything that is legitimately theirs. If, to adapt a phrase of the late Mary Yellin' Lease, they would settle down to raise more corn and less hell, I am persuaded that the typical American would be only too happy to let them severely alone. Yet we have not been able to convince the Russians that this is true, and, when you stop to think about it, have we tried to convince them in any logical way? Containment, "massive retaliation," constant reinforcement of the military strength of our allies, and the assiduous search for new allies, even among such totalitarians as Franco and Nasser, may have been necessary precautions, but they certainly were not convincing evidence of our peaceable temperament and our disposition to accord fair treatment to all comers. Our reliance has been on terror, and if we resorted to it only because we could see no other way out, the fact remains that we have relied on terror.

But that is not a permanent reliance. One suspects that Mr. Dulles' policy is already nearly as bankrupt as that of old Mr. McQueen in 1865, when Wheeler's cavalry, rearguard of the Confederate Army, evacuated the town of Fayetteville, N. C., before the advancing Sherman. A meeting of old men and boys—all the able-bodied men were in the CSA—was held to decide what to do, but nobody had any ideas.

Then up rose Mr. McQueen, born in 1775 and wearing Fayetteville's last pairs of knee-breeches and silver shoe-buckles. "Mr. Chairman," he intoned in the quavering voice of 90, "I move you, sir, that we send at once to Major Hale's printing office and have him strike off 10,000 circulars to be distributed among the Yankee Army, warning them that they will enter Fayetteville at the peril of their lives!"

Guided missiles with hydrogen-bomb warheads, atomic-powered submarines, a globe-girdling circle of airbases all pointed at Russia, NATO, an armament budget of $40 billion, all are warnings to the Russians that they will attack the United States at the peril of their lives. But suppose it turns out that we are dealing with something like Fuzzy-Wuzzy

> (He's the only thing that doesn't give a damn
> For a regiment of British infantry)—

then what? Can we reasonably expect our warnings to be any more effective than Mr. McQueen's?

IN MOSCOW Macmillan resorted to different tactics. To the insolent and lurid oratory of Khrushchev he replied not with counter-threats, but with icy contempt. For the moment, at least, the effect was stunning, and even a momentary advantage is well worth winning. But contempt, like infantry in battle, is rapidly consumed. Its lavish use is justified only if it is immediately followed by supporting forces. Here is the crucial test of the Administration. Has it the energy, the ingenuity, and the resolution to follow up the break-through that Macmillan seems to have made? Has it the intellectual resourcefulness to persuade the Kremlin that it will really be to Russia's advantage to keep her promises?

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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A COMMUNICATION

If You Write for Television . . .

SIRS:

AS ONE who has felt the hand of television upon his own work, I would like to endorse Frank R. Pierson's lucid analysis of television censorship.

Last fall CBS bought my short novel *The Long March* for production on *Playhouse 90*. Somewhat like the draftee protagonist of Robert Dozier's *A Real Fine Cutting Edge*—a "daring" work, perhaps, but one which, as Mr. Pierson ruefully points out, was finally broadcast only because the network censor mistakenly believed that it *had* the approval of the Army—my story's hero is also a rebellious soul, a young Marine reserve officer whose mutinous rage against authority in general, and his commanding officer in particular, leads to his downfall. Unlike the hero of *Cutting Edge*, however, my captain loses. He resists the System and it is his ruin. You cannot buck the System—I think that is what I was trying to say—for if you do you will pull disaster down upon your head. . . . At the end of my story the captain (who is not without his foolish and impulsive moments), having faced down his commanding officer at the conclusion of a senseless and brutal hike ordered by the same CO, stands ready to receive a court-martial. The tragedy is implicit here. At the same time, however, the commanding officer is treated with sympathy and, all things considered, the Marine Corps gets off probably with more grace than it deserves. You might think that even Procter & Gamble and the manufacturers of Prestone (this was October, remember, and anti-freeze was getting the hard sell) would have been satisfied with some honest and straightforward treatment of this story, which attempts to demonstrate the truth known perhaps, far down, even to Union Carbide vice presidents: that military life corrupts and we would be a lot better off without it.

But how naïve. I shall leave out the esthetic side of the televised version—the script, the acting, the direction—which was catastrophically bad even for television (my grocer, who ordinarily admits to watching everything, turned the program off mid-way and asked me indignantly the next day if I was planning to sue). Just as importantly, or even more so, the show simply suggested that Mr. Pierson knows what he is talking about when he maintains that television is "in fact officially censored and colored to show authority in a favorable light." Because the script was submitted to the Marine Corps. Naturally, it had to be, not only because, as Mr. Pierson points out, all scripts that touch on government matters are submitted to authority but also because the story calls for masses of marching men, which the brass—after approving the script with what I suppose amounted to some glee—handily provided. One can imagine what was left of my hero after this collusion of PIO second lieutenants, ad men, and soap peddlers had done with him. My bedevilled, desperate captain had become a self-pitying zero who, far from eliciting the viewer's sympathies, really deserved all the punishment that the Marine Corps could heap upon him. Further, rather than end the show upon the same note that my story ended (a very simple note of defeat, really, with the captain in ruin and promised a court-martial), the powers that arranged the TV version saw fit to stage an actual military trial in which it was safely pointed out that the Marine Corps is still pretty much tops any way you look at it.

I UNDERSTAND that in making these comments I am in that position, known to anyone who has trafficked with TV or Hollywood, which is somewhat like that of a woman who cries rape when in fact she acquiesced freely and received good money for the undertaking. In reality, however, my heart was *not* greatly troubled by this travesty of my work; a book remains a book. Also several thousand dollars remain several thousand dollars. But one or two disturbing questions haunted my mind, and Mr. Pierson's article sheds considerable light upon the mystery of why it is that any attempt to grapple on TV with problems dealing with the military is doomed to failure from the start.

My most bothersome question, of course, was the ancient one: why did they do it at all? *The Long March* is not (unfortunately) a celebrated work, bound to attract millions of viewers by its very name. Divorced of its philosophical content, the narrative becomes utterly routine, so routine indeed that it is difficult to see why, instead of "adapting" my story, the producer did not just hire some accomplished hack to compose a nice slick original script glorifying the Marine Corps. The producer himself is an intelligent, decent, well-intentioned man, with many worthwhile things in television to his credit; honestly caring for my story as much as he did, it is difficult to believe that it was any such simple matter as a final lapse of taste on his part which caused the disaster. (Actually I must confess that I was so dazzled by his sincerity and good intentions that, reading the script just prior to the broadcast—cold with horror, yet still somehow unable to believe that what I beheld on the printed page could be transmitted in all of its sordidness to the tiny screen—I wired the producer a demented, "Well done.")

BUT then who or what was the real culprit? The sponsors? The network watchdogs? Military censors? A combination of the three? I do not know. Nor do I know whether the downright badness of the script, with its military yea-saying, made approval by authority a foregone conclusion; nor whether a perfectly adequate script became perverted as it went through the labyrinths of sponsor approval and then through the Pentagon mill: either way, what happened to the story in its transformation from an artistic insight to a shoddy lie makes me realize that Mr. Pierson's concern with TV censorship is rather more than academic, and that in the instance of *The Long March* something more dangerous was in operation than a mere failure of talent. Someone, somewhere along the line, messed it up because someone was afraid. . . . In the end the real culprit in television is not *just* sponsor approval or official censorship, but an ignorant fear of the truth which permeates all other aspects of our society too, and which poisons art at its roots. It is almost as ignoble a censorship as censorship itself.

WILLIAM STYRON

Roxbury, Conn.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Myths that Sustain Men

by Herbert J. Muller

ABOUT the most extraordinary creative epoch in history was the Sixth Century B.C. Out of it came Buddha in India, Confucius and Lao-tse in China, Zoroaster in Persia, Jeremiah and Deutero-Isaiah in Palestine, Thales and Solon in Greece. Thinking independently, in widely separated lands, with no apparent influence on one another, they gave birth to philosophy and the higher religions. In different ways they alike rose above the age-old tribalism, asserting universal principles of truth and justice and also the spiritual autonomy of the individual. They are the key to Henry Bamford Parkes' study of the origins of Western culture—one of the best introductions to Western history that I know of.

Gods and Men: The Origins of Western Culture, by Henry Bamford Parkes (Knopf; $7.50).

His approach is at once old-fashioned and sophisticated. While recognizing the importance of material, economic factors in history, he believes that more significant are the ruling beliefs and values of a society, as reflected in its philosophy, literature, and art. The rarity of great creative epochs would alone belie any narrowly materialistic interpretation of history. But as creativity requires freedom, it points to a basic social problem; how to reconcile freedom, individualism, and rational thought with the requirements of social order, moral unity, and religious consciousness.

Professor Parkes' thesis is that these diverse needs can be harmonized only by symbolic myths, imaginative concepts that transcend reason, and that by rational standards are always literally untrue. The myth alone can assure men of the objective validity of their moral, political, and esthetic values; he argues that a rationalism that corrodes this belief inevitably leads to social disintegration. He accordingly studies the history of Judaism, Hellenism, and early Christianity as the source of the social myths that have sustained Western civilization —ethical monotheism, natural law, and the kingdom of heaven. These add up to "the myth of an ideal justice, inherent in the structure of the cosmos, capable of embodiment in human institutions, and providing a standard for settling all conflicts of individual interest." On the whole, he believes, they have been the most successful myths in history; and if they lose their efficacy, our society must revert to tribalism or to the rule of force, in either case losing its freedom and creativity.

This thesis is more persuasive because Professor Parkes is not taken in by the current literary fashion of celebrating the myth as a higher or holier form of truth. Although at times he uses the word *truth* rather loosely (as in references to "the truth about the ultimate nature and meaning of human life") he does not commit himself to any one mythical version of it. He observes that ultimate uncertainty in moral and religious matters is the very condition of freedom. He wants to keep the myth under rational criticism, or in effect to maintain an ideal of reasonableness.

What troubles me is his tendency not only to distinguish but to divorce myth and rational thought, and so to confuse or obscure this ideal. He keeps harping on a "pure rationalism" that is very narrow or positivistic, and that has been pretty rare in history. Rationalism, he insists, cannot affirm principles of justice and morality, or give the individual any motive beyond his own self-interest. In the Eighteenth Century it plainly did affirm such principles. So do I and many others today who consider themselves rationalists. I would argue that the growth of rationalism was a primary factor in the growth of democracy and ideals of freedom, which were unrealized in the heyday of the Christian myth. At any rate, Professor Parkes' dichotomy leads to considerable oversimplification, especially in the study of Greco-Roman civilization that takes up almost half his volume.

Here his thesis is that the glory of Greece, culminating in the Golden Age of Athens, was due to the concept of natural law—a cosmic law that authorized justice, and rested on "a religious faith in the divinity of nature." For the breakdown of Athens he then gives the conventional reasons: the rise of individualism and rationalism, as represented by the Sophists. The actual story seems to me much more complex. It was rationalism that gave birth to the concept of natural law in the scientific sense, as Greek philosophy transcended myth. The further idea that this was a moral law, a divine principle of universal justice, was by no means widespread or clearly the living faith of the Greeks in their prime. Certainly it was not the faith of Homer, "the Bible of Hellas"; nor of the lyric poets of Ionia, who were highly individualistic a century before the Golden Age of Athens; nor of such pioneers as Thales, Herodotus, and Hippocrates. Professor Parkes himself finds it chiefly in Aeschylus. He regards even Sophocles as a corrupting influence.

ON Plato and Aristotle he is much harsher; Platonism in particular is his *bête noire,* the chief villain in the Christian drama to come. While largely agreeing with his strictures, I should remark that he is criticizing the Platonic myth by rational standards. For the rest he gives the conventional account of the Hellenistic Age as "closed and petrified," doing some injustice to its creativity in philosophy, art, and science. It was actually in this age that the universal implications of the concept of natural law were clearly realized and expressed by the Stoics. Professor Parkes does note that the Stoic doctrine of natural law had a "most important influence" on Roman law, Christian theology, and the whole political tradition of the West; but he gives it only a paragraph—after two whole chapters of animadversion on Plato and Aristotle. The Romans then get the familiar tributes but take a sounder beating than usual, again on rational grounds.

In his introduction to Christianity Professor Parkes goes overboard on an ideal Christian myth that of course

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"transcended reason," but still was somehow "more plausible" than pagan philosophy. Christianity declared that "the realization of human freedom was the purpose of the whole historic process," it promised "the total regeneration of human nature" and of society, it insisted on the full good of body as well as soul, for the first time in history it integrated the whole self, etc. In general, he pictures an ideal that would have bewildered or even shocked most Christian churchmen and saints down to the Renaissance, and that emerged chiefly under the influence of Greek humanism and rationalism. Some readers may be bewildered by what follows his apostrophe—a thoroughly rationalistic account of the life and teaching of Jesus, as a remarkable but fallible mortal.

Nevertheless Professor Parkes does keep his head most of the time. His main thesis makes sense, the more because he never ignores inconvenient data, and his comments on particular men or works are always worth heeding. He writes very well. As an unregenerate rationalist, I shall expect to find some fault with his study of Western civilization itself, in volumes that are to follow; but I shall also look forward to reading them.

A Study of Central America

by Harold Ballou

ECHOING the "new" Milton Eisenhower, Mr. Martz concludes that "the United States must learn to limit its relations with clearly unrepresentative governments to . . . strictest protocol. Diplomatic business must be maintained, but not extended to the realms of military aid, of personal friendship and tacit moral approval. . . . Non-intervention must be restored in deed as well as word. . . . Otherwise it forfeits all right to friendship in the area. Even in the extreme case of Communist Guatemala this holds true."

Central America, the Crisis and the Challenge, by John D. Martz (North Carolina; $7.50)

This is both refreshing and astonishing: refreshing because it restates the ideals of Bolivar, of Woodrow Wilson and of Roosevelt (F.D.) and the latter's Good Neighbor Policy that kindled so many hopes in Latin America. Astonishing because, by the time he reaches it the reader will have worked through more than 300 pages of low-grade ore: there are paeans to the achievements of dictators like Nicaragua's Somoza, and downright hostile pictures of such enlightened democrats as Figueres of Costa Rica (who has democratically stepped down for his freely elected successor, spurning the traditional practice of "continuissimo," that bane of Central American politics).

True, there are ample data in this contradiction-laden book to enable a reader—particularly if familiar with Central America—to form his own opinions as he goes along. But he must read between the lines and distinguish between insinuation and fact. Against dictatorships in principle, the author finds many of the dictators "different." "Nicaragua," for example, "was somewhat different. From the United States' point of view, Somoza was indeed a good friend," strongly supporting US foreign policy "even when unpopular in Latin America." In fact, the opening chapter of *Central America* constitutes an apologia for dictatorship.

One chapter of the book is devoted to each of the six Central American Republics, or rather to their presidents and "strong men." But one is never brought in contact with the people. The reader will find a fair account of the growth of a disciplined labor movement in Costa Rica that has contributed to the stable, democratic government; he will be able to sort out material on direct and indirect interference by near and far neighbors; and in bits and pieces, he is given a fairly comprehensive story of the United Fruit Company, with reference to its more sordid history but concluding with a near-apotheosis. This company has drawn vast wealth from a dozen Latin American countries. (Martz lists its assets at $58,000,000, including ownership of 374,000 acres of land in Central America.) It has consistently resisted labor organization, and as might be expected, its economic and social concessions have generally been wrung out of it only as the price for its survival in a given country. The author gives considerable space to the Company's benefits to the workers: housing, schooling, medical care, sanitation and other amenities. In short, that blight known as a "company town."

It should be noted that, following the overthrow of the so-called "red tinged" Arbenz regime in Guatemala, the United Fruit Company relinquished its claim on the 100,000 acres "seized by the Communists," and dictator-President Castillo went so far as to say that "the best pattern for the future is for our farmers to take over the land and grow the bananas for themselves. . . . " Moved by an enlightened sense of self-preservation, the Company has turned over an additional 120,000 acres of land to the Guatemalan government, agreeing to pay a tax of 30 percent on its annual profits, in contrast to the old contract whereby UFCO paid no tax or duty other than two cents a bunch on exported bananas plus a $14,000 annual fee as rental for what banana land they did not own outright.

FOR Martz, author of an earlier book, *Communist Infiltration of Guatemala,* there are scarcely enough beds in all Central America to hide the Communists, especially in Guatemala. Yet, paradoxically, he supports the thesis that "Latin Americans almost universally reject the thesis that the [Guatemalan] government of Arbenz was Communist." And following a description of US intervention to help overthrow Arbenz and install Castillo as President in 1954, Martz points out that "Castillo was slowly finding Guatemalans less and less impressed by his cries of Communism whenever opposition reared its head. Castillo never realized that the presence of some Communists did not mean they were conspiring under every bed."

There undoubtedly were Communists at work in Guatemala, but there remains much doubt as to the extent, if any, Arbenz and his administration were "trapped" by the Communists, as Martz would have it. Measures taken by his government certainly were not in themselves Communistic. If widespread land ownership is capitalistic, so were Arbenz' expropriation measures which seem to have precipitated the crisis for

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his government. The purpose of these measures was to take the unused land owned by the United Fruit Company, for distribution among the landless peasants. This brought a Company complaint to the US State Department, which responded with two notes, the second of which "officially demanded $15,854,849 as compensatory payment for the expropriated acreage." A little later the author states that "no intelligent Latin in possession of the facts can honestly attack the United States for interfering in the name of economic interests."

Mr. Martz then describes the "decisive" military help given to Castillo to outfit his troops quartered in neighboring Honduras for Arbenz' overthrow. "There can be no serious doubt of US intervention," he explains, justifying it as necessary to root out Communism from our "backyard"—a position he flatly denounces later in the book!

Some of the most significant and encouraging history in Central America in the past ten years receives little or no mention in Martz's opus. I have in mind the fact that nearly half the children die before they are six years old in many rural areas, due directly or indirectly to malnutrition. In Guatemala 95 percent of the rural population is affected to some degree by malnutrition—38 percent afflicted with endemic goiter, a disorder that affects 95 percent in some mountain villages. In his inaugural address, President de la Guardia of Panama pointed out that "of every hundred persons who die in the interior, 85 get no medical attention." Outside of the cities of Colon and Panama, he continued, "to meet the needs of the rest of the population we have only 60 doctors, or one for every 10,000 people."

Fortunately something *is* being done about this gravest of all Central American problems: ten years ago the six Republics banded together and, with the help of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau established a unique institution, the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama (INCAP). It is located in a model building in Guatemala City, donated by that country's government. The results of its research today bid fair to revolutionize the nutritional intake of Central American children and adults, and to wipe out goiter. All six countries have been working together in harmony in this great undertaking, right through the political storms that have so frequently brought down governments.

El Salvador, with international help, has for the past nine years been operating a Health Demonstration Area embracing some 100,000 population, where model health services are being developed. This serves too as a model and a training center for all the Central American Republics and others. A nursing school in San Jose, developed during the past decade with the help of the PASB, is today graduating well-trained nurses from all over Central (and South) America, helping to raise nursing to a dignified profession in Latin America where, but a few years ago, it was on a level with that of a charwoman. Five years ago all six Central American Republics joined the world-wide campaign to eradicate malaria — an undertaking calling for close cooperation. And with assistance from the International Bank and other United Nations agencies, industries are being established in Central America, roads built, agriculture diversified, water supplies improved, education extended. First steps toward a customs union are being taken, the products of certain new industries being exported to neighboring countries duty-free.

These undertakings and many others, brushed over lightly or omitted in the book under review, are bringing the Central American countries into close, friendly cooperation with each other and —who knows?—they may be creating the pattern for the eventual union of six Republics into a politically and economically strong and sound partnership. They certainly belie Martz' puerile prediction that "the critical moments are arriving—the tide of Central American history is sweeping toward desolation, if not complete destruction."

Rouault: The Spiritual and Society

by Frank Getlein

THE Taste of Our Time, as at once documented and created by Albert Skira in his series of that name, has at last included Georges Rouault. The new volume is as beautiful as the others with 50 color plates and eight reproductions of black and white prints. The text is unusually well integrated with the sequence of pictures and one standard complaint against Skira is eliminated entirely: there isn't a single detail in the book.

Rouault, by Lionello Venturi (Skira; $5.75).

The biographical and critical study by Lionello Venturi is expertly done. Taking advantage of the sequence of pictures, Venturi deals with them one at a time, revealing a comprehensible progression in an extremely complex development which is constantly casting light back into new areas of the past even as the artist's own powers are year by year intensified. At the very beginning of Rouault's growth as a painter stands Gustave Moreau, "beloved master" to whom Rouault continued to refer throughout his life. When Rouault was 27, Moreau died and the young artist became curator of the Gustave Moreau museum. Most admirers of Rouault's painting have never seen a Moreau. When they do, they are at a loss to know what the student saw in the master. The first major feat of explanation in Venturi's text is the unravelling of their artistic relationship; in the process Moreau is given more stature, perhaps inevitably, than his paintings seem to justify, but it becomes quite clear that he "stood for" an attitude toward art, rather than an approach to painting, that Rouault was to share all his life and that in fact is one of the foundations of all modern art.

The backward glances continue in the earliest paintings we know at once as Rouault's and the earliest in the book: the hideous nude prostitutes of the first years of the century, when Rouault was exhibiting at the Independants and the Automne, of which he was one of the founders. The reference here is to Degas and Lautrec, but it goes deeper. In the 18th Century French courtly painting the revived and dignified Venus of the 17th Century is well on her way to becoming the "playmate" of contemporary American pornography. In the big paintings of the 19th Century academy,

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against which Moreau set his instruction, the change is complete, with acres of buttocks and bosoms by Bouguereau and his buddies. The paintings mirrored, idealized and were the occasion for the secret joys of the honest bourgeois of Paris. Against all this, Degas looked coolly and drew surely; against all this Lautrec looked coldly and drew maliciously. Rouault continues their new tradition but with a new note of moral horror at the death of the spirit so evident in the great fleshy forms he confronts us with. To one familiar with the constant social comment and religious symbolism in Rouault, especially in the great print series, "Miserere," it is odd to hear Venturi refer repeatedly to Rouault's "inveighing against prostitution" in those early paintings. So much more is involved. Presently, the point becomes clear. For the artist these frightful women are in the first place human beings who have been twisted out of all recognizable and desirable appearance by a society that insures at once the supply and the demand of their trade.

Venturi does us all a service in documenting very closely the gradual, seemingly reluctant recognition that came to Rouault. Rouault was about 65 when some degree of appreciation began to come his way. He was 77 when he recovered possession of his paintings from the estate of Ambroise Vollard and at long last published the monumental series of prints, "Miserere." The prints came as a new revelation of Rouault's genius, at once a synthesis of almost everything he had to say during his life and the source of many of his greatest paintings from the thirties until his death a year ago at 86. Clowns, prostitutes, mad kings, tortured torturers, Biblical landscapes and permeating everything the image of the wounded Christ—these are the pictures that burn out of the "Miserere."

Venturi deals intelligently with the celebrated stained glass comparison, making it clear from the artist's own account of his boyhood apprenticeship in a glass shop that it wasn't there that that vision of medieval glory—realized, after all, only some 40 years later—had its origin. The author makes it clear that the effect comes from the same source as the tremendous power of the prints, Rouault's endless reworking of his materials, in one case the repeated act of digging in to the palate, in the other the impulse to add paint on paint until some surfaces are almost low reliefs.

Vollard inevitably emerges as the villain of Rouault's career. Venturi doesn't call him that, but he gives the facts and the facts do. The facts are wrong. Or rather, our automatic reading of them is wrong. The Rouault we are uplifted by didn't exist when the artist, then in his forties, came under the control, and incidentally the care, of Vollard. The dealer and publisher saw what a number of perceptive critics had seen, an enormous promise. It could be said that by summing up in his own person all the pressures and exploitations of society, he provided Rouault with the hard surface against which the artist seemingly had to work or not work at all. Less romantically, it should never be forgotten that the scheme of the "Miserere" was Vollard's.

Venturi concludes, in the company of almost everyone who has seriously studied Rouault, that "his spiritual affinities . . . are . . . with the great religious painters of the 13th Century."

This universally received statement is not as simply true as all that and this is an appropriate time to take exception to it. Contributors to this journal have lately taken up Church and State, which

Between the Airbase and the Radar Tower

BETWEEN the airbase and the radar tower
I settle in with children wife and dog;
We keep two cars, one for big loads and power,
The other for commuting to my job.

The house we live in, old but in good repair,
Looks to a river through oak woods and pine,
Some scattered ash and birch. The country air
Thrives on the children, ages two to nine.

There will be time to look about, we had said,
After a city life and press of mass,
Community chest, big parties, neighborhood,
And the soul's life leaking with a smell of gas.

And came to this river almost castaways,
New Englanders unregenerate, laying down
The western R and flattening out the A's,
Settling here about five miles from town.

On days like this when a squadron from the base
Roars out of sight and sound at last by noon
And nothing from the intolerable outside space
Vomits or stinks or bellows, why then a loon

Can cry all desolate north and the heart may answer,
A strayed black-throated green lisp delicate note
The ear may ponder, and the peak of winter
Rumor on northern air or easterly rote.

And every day I walk the dock to the end
Like Ishmael, wishing farthest from the beach,
In salt self-dispossession of a hand
Staying, the stable questionless each-by-each,

Yet coming home. And is there more at last
For the middle man, at center, whatever his muse?
Away, out, up, height, depth, crowds forever and fast,
Voices, filthy pictures, sport and news?

Then walk the pier by flood, ebb, shine and shower—
Your back to the water and your face turned west—
Between the airbase and the radar tower
Keep stride of season, the backward foot the best.

LOUIS O. COXE

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looks to be one of the recurrent themes in these pages for some months. I may as well join the happy throng.

One, and perhaps the most important, of the factors in the development of European painting has been the changing relations between Church and State. The reason this obvious historical truth is not recognized as readily as it should be is that we project our own art attitudes backward through time. Subject matter in 20th Century painting has grown ever less important. We therefore assume that it never was important, at best a mere pretence or occasion for technical discoveries or personal expression. But in spite of Leonardo's notebooks, that attitude is peculiar to the last century or so and is itself a reflection of a relationship between Church and State, or, if you prefer, between spiritual values and society. The relevance of the Church-State relationship to European art is not only a question of patronage. Three landmarks in that art —and there are others—address themselves specifically to the problem: Justinian and Theodora in the mosaics at Ravenna, Peter and the tax collector in Masaccio's Brancacci frescoes, and the fugue-like elaboration of the problem in Raphael's *Stanze*.

Church and State—spiritual as against the organization of society—constitute Rouault's theme. Both his Christianity and his society are of our time.

Be Joyful in Your Work!

by Lloyd Zimpel

WE ARE OBLIGED to Mr. Marrs, who has been a professor of sociology at the University of Oklahoma since 1922, for separating the rogues from the virtuous in a book in which he classifies many—though not all—of our idlers, phonies and mountebanks. Beyond that, we owe him less than his dramatic title perhaps implies.

Marrs establishes three categories of social parasites: the chronically dependent (beggars, bums, the determinedly unemployed); the predatory (pickpockets, burglars, con-men and the like); and the entrenched (the landed gentry, those with inherited wealth, Veblen's leisure class). Against these parasites stand the normally dependent (including those actively seeking employment and the honorably retired), and all those worthy citizens who produce even as they consume. Only these latter are "socially purposeful"—the sticky phrase which the author uses to distinguish the honest man from his freeloading brother.

The Man on Your Back: A Preface to The Art of Living Without Producing in Modern Society, by Wyatt Marrs (Oklahoma; $3.95).

If the term "social purpose" had been held to a single, say economic, definition the distinctions Marrs hopes to point out would have been more forcefully made. But when he shifts from an economic interpretation to a psychological and moral one all distinction blurs. For example; he proclaims that laborers in the shadows of prostitution are "socially nonpurposeful," while those in the tobacco industry—since there is socially purposeful conviviality in a cigarette—receive his hedging approval. But even if we can agree that a woman is only a woman (lacking in "sociability") while a good cigar is a smoke, it is still confusing to find that a king-size filter can promote "fellowship and sociability" to a greater degree than a good hand in seven card stud—for gambling, too, fails the test of social purpose. The book has a cloistered air, as if it were written before the emergence of a generation and a half of 52-20 Club and GI Bill veterans. After all, these are men who have already taken advanced lessons in "parasitism" during years of army service: they sit now in great numbers at organization desks from which they produce in doubtful proportion to their consumption. Helping to foster the book's out-dated air are many of the sources cited, from *Progress and Poverty*, to a government bulletin on juvenile delinquency published during the depression.

After repetitiously studying the effects of parasitism, Marrs concludes that at its influential worst it sets honest citizens to envious brooding over the short end of their stick. But, in a society with no men on their backs they would function in splendid freedom. To function is

> . . . man's principal source of contentment, and perhaps the greatest satisfaction of life is to function adequately and efficiently in a socially purposeful manner. . . . It also makes for group harmony and fellow-feeling. Nothing is so productive of good will and morale as mutual and reciprocal effort. Working together . . . tends spontaneously to make for comradeship. . . .

Be joyful in your work! But what society, what country is he talking about? It is hard to imagine this romantic condition coming to pass in a modern industrial society that has grown to *need* the luxury of an economic surplus; and it is precisely this surplus, as Marrs points out, that feeds the parasite—whether he is the adman or the beggar with his cup of pencils. It feeds as well the man who makes the chrome edging for automobile tail fins. To abolish the parasite and restore joy to labor must we then return to a marginal society?

A WORLD WITHOUT JEWS

by Karl Marx

The first book presentation in English of Karl Marx's startling theories about Jews and Judaism. This little work became the fountainhead of anti-Semitic action in Germany and present-day Soviet Russia.

A fascinating and revealing document with explanatory notes by the distinguished philosopher, Dagobert D. Runes. **$2.75**

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MOVIES

The Attic in Amsterdam

As dramatized by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, *The Diary of Anne Frank* has been made into a three-hour film by George Stevens. Any consideration of it must proceed from a careful distinction between two elements. First, there is the diary itself, a record of facts which would be heart-rending even if they had not been set down with that perception and sweetness which are a constant miracle of early adolescence. Second, there is the film—the arrangement and use by Miss Goodrich, Hackett and Stevens of the original material.

The Diary of Anne Frank
(20th Century-Fox)

The first element, the diary, is in a sense not reviewable; one cannot criticize history. But of the film, though it is earnest, often moving, and technically polished, it must be said that it is seriously flawed. The first flaw, which applied equally to the play, is that it is not a satisfactory drama. There is a dramatic opening (the arrival in the attic) and there is a dramatic closing (discovery by the Germans); between the two there is a diffuse chronicle of bickering, slow growth, "little touches," which declines steadily in interest.

Stevens has italicized this flaw by doing most things in the picture at about twice the length and half the speed that they deserve. Every reaction is (it seems) given to us twice, every situation is milked past dryness. When a German patrol pokes around downstairs, moving incredibly slowly and intercut with the frisking of a mischievous cat upstairs, the episode is so drawn out that we become conscious of artifice instead of being appalled by fear that a trifle might cost eight lives. But Stevens was evidently so worried about the need for suspense during the major portion of the film that he wrung mercilessly every morsel that came along.

This leads to the second major flaw. When a writer sets out to write a great book, he usually writes a windy one. Stevens set out to make a great film, and the result is not only over-long, it is over-edited (too many "dissolve" effects, for instance), over-directed (too many breaking of emotional butterflies on wheels), and in almost every manner is protracted sententiously.

Inevitably, then, he fumbles the chance for his greatest dramatic effect. Near the end Anne and Peter are alone in the uppermost room, talking of their blossoming feelings for each other, of their possible future; then, over the accompanying music, we hear the approaching siren of the German patrol car. They know they are to be separated, and they are determined to have one kiss, one real kiss, before they part and, possibly, die. As they melt into one another's arms, the music soars; and it is here that the brutal pounding on the downstairs door should interrupt, cutting in cruelly, like King Mark's return in the second act of *Tristan*.

But what does Stevens do? He lets the kiss and the swelling music conclude. Full stop. Then there is further protraction through shots of the group *en masse* waiting, Papa Frank going downstairs to see, returning after the knocking starts, then more waiting *en masse*. If only Stevens had tried to make merely a good, tight picture, he might have made a better one.

Far and away the best acting in the film is that of Joseph Schildkraut as Mr. Frank. In large measure he recaptures the quietly strong performance he gave in the theatre—a portrait of a perhaps too-perfect man but one in whose perfection we are anxious to believe.

As Anne, Millie Perkins, an inexperienced newcomer, does fairly well. She has a piquant, mouse-like face, and has been carefully coached; and except where she has been induced to be overarch, she is appealing. Her voice is not up to the part, but then perhaps the part is, in one respect, like Juliet, of whom the theatre says that you can't really play it until you're too old to look like it.

Gusti Huber, Lou Jacobi and Shelley Winters are competent as Mrs. Frank and Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan. A charming girl named Diane Baker is Anne's older sister, and a boy named Richard Beymer, as Peter, grows in stature and tenderness through the film.

The director's imperfect conception is further revealed in the "clever" casting of Ed Wynn as Mr. Dussell. Wynn is simply not an actor; he is an old clown. His age and his experience help him here, but he is obviously hungry for the few comic snippets that come his way in the story.

Before *Anne Frank* but possibly occasioned by its impending release, much was written about Stevens as a great director. This writer wonders why. If we set aside my belief that the word "great" is dangerous to use except historically, surely a great director is one who makes great films. Of Stevens' twenty-two previous films, which are outstanding? *Shane*, an extraordinarily good Western (but no more); *A Place in the Sun*, a hollow version of *An American Tragedy*; and *Giant*, a film replica of Edna Ferber's flashy, trashy novel. After these and his latest picture, it is hard to see how more can be said of Stevens than that he is a director who understands film techniques perfectly, is more interested in and knowledgeable about acting than most film directors, and has expanding horizons. But there is in him no iron and no ultimate refinement of taste; he is tainted by gigantism, sentimentality, and a knack for the popular.

So we wait, still, for a film that will adequately commemorate the most staggering murder in history—the systematic, Teutonically efficient torture and extermination of six million Jews. That fact—which will always be incomprehensible in its totality—underlies this film, gives it its moving moments, and is, by implication, its only source of drama in its ambling central section. Anne Frank and her diary are, in life, a beautiful, small epitome of that continental horror. But the play and the film are not, in art, the diary's equivalent. So far, in my knowledge, only one work of art stands as a fitting monument to the massacred: John Hersey's *The Wall*.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Notes on Contributors

HERBERT J. MULLER is the author of *The Uses of the Past*. HAROLD BALLOU was for many years an official in the World Health Organization. LLOYD ZIMPEL works as a business writer. ALBERT GILMAN is on the English faculty of Boston University.

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Lost Your Identity?

THE BOYS in advertising and in entertainment have been reading social criticism and the results are grotesque. They have learned that Americans suffer from *anomie,* alienation, loss-of-identity, and conformism. And because that's what we suffer from, one advertiser figures the thing to do is to tell us we *don't* suffer from it—or don't have to. Not if we smoke Viceroy cigarettes, which are made for "The Man Who Thinks for Himself." In support of this claim, Viceroy's copywriters show us a man with firm jaws and a steady gaze holding, guess what, a Viceroy. This is coupled with a text that reads in part: "This man thinks for himself. Knows the difference between fact and fancy. Trusts judgment, not opinion." If the viewer doesn't want to appear to be the sort of weak-minded dupe who is taken in by Other-Directed advertising, let him smoke the weed smoked by people who are not susceptible to such advertising (according to such an advertisement).

A more "responsible" attitude toward the malaise of mass alienation has caused NBC to plan a Sunday afternoon series of 10 plays dramatizing the Ten Commandments. The first of these, called the Third Commandment ("Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" in case you'd forgot), was written by Ben Hecht and produced on Sunday, February 8. Charles Van Doren, the scholarly host, gave us to understand that in this Atomic-cum-Space Age NBC has found it desirable (on a commercially thin Sunday afternoon) to reaffirm the 10 eternally valid rules governing man's relation to man and to God. As we all know, a great deal has been written about a supposed lack of consensus nowadays on fundamental values; we are said to live in a state of normlessness, and that appears to be fatal in the Cold War against the unified Russians. Impossible cultural climate for the writing of epic or tragedy. And so the network is rushing in to shore up the mores with a series of hour-long, live dramatizations.

The first play in the NBC series concerned a writer who used to be "serious" but had sold himself into slavery as a gagwriter for a vulgar comedian. The writer's wife wanted him to go back to his serious work (presumably for *Dissent*) but he just laughed and gulped pre-luncheon double martinis. Through circumstances too absurd to describe the writer became an evangelist and faith-healer. He remained an unbeliever, however, working for money, and therefore his preaching amounted to taking the name of the Lord in vain. Ultimately his conscience got to him and he confessed to an audience (only 6 or 7 visible in this cut-rate production) that he had no mystical power of healing and those who had been healed must attribute it to their own faith. Whereupon the audience rose up and beat him with their prop crutches. That all of this is pure 20th Century America was clinched by an insistent jazz background.

If this play did little to relieve our *anomie*, the subsequent interchange between Van Doren and the author, Ben Hecht, positively increased it. In the first place, Van Doren, a teacher of English literature, professed to find the play both searching and powerful, which gave us some idea what to think of his *anomie*. And then Hecht started talking about the meaning of the play and we soon found out that he does not believe in God in any sense that would have been recognized by Moses. He talked rather vaguely about God being a man's character or some such eyewash. While this may all add up to a reinterpretation of the Third Commandment that makes it relevant for our time, it will hardly serve to pull the team together for a vigorous onslaught against the Soviets. What will it do for our *anomie* if it develops that NBC cannot find ten dramatists who believe in the Ten Commandments?

Life magazine has been far in advance of the others in its recognition of the contemporary crisis in values. Its editorials are filled with a sense of "urgency" that aims to whip up *esprit* and solidarity. Until quite recently I had been unable to understand why this urgency has not proved contagious. On the train from New York to Boston, a few weeks back, I walked to the end of the car to have a smoke and sat down beside a gentleman who was intently reading the current issue of *Life*. From my place beside him, however, I could see that while he held up *Life's* red cover to the world he had secreted within its pages a comic book and this is what he was reading. We have known for some time that an individual who suffers from neurotic illness cannot "lecture" himself into a healthy state of mind. The illness has a devilish way of twisting the therapy to its own ends.

ALBERT GILMAN

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

ened] by disagreements or difficulties regarding the laws or Constitution of the United States' is objectionable because of its implication of neutrality: that whether or not to obey a court decree is a matter on which different elements on the community—all equally devoted to the public good and seeking in equally lawful manner to advance their own interest—may reasonably differ, as they might about the merits of a labor dispute," strikes me as unsound.

Let me make it clear that I stand in support of the Court's decision in *Brown* v. *The Board of Education* and of the approach of the Douglas-Celler bill. Yet simply to deny that men may differ about the decision seems to me arid and myopic legalism. On this analysis we can only say to the South "the law is the law" just as we might to a traffic violator. But in a profound sense the law is not always simply the law. In *Brown*, as in *Dred Scott* and in the anti-New Deal decisions of the thirties, the high Court's action was deeply a matter of ethics and politics. If this is true, as surely it is, then the techniques of ethics and politics—conciliation on means and reasoned persuasion—are to be preferred over the methods of simple law enforcement—command and coercion. To deny conciliation and persuasion on principle is to impute to all Southerners an irrationality which we ordinarily reserve for the criminally insane.

THOMAS L. THORSON
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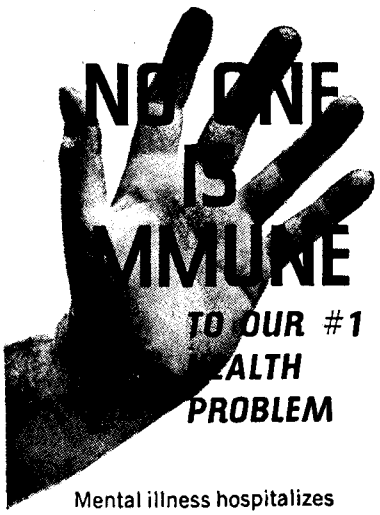

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► *Popgun Echoes of the Past*

SIRS:

I HAVE WAITED in vain to find in a letter of one of your readers the one salient feature pointing to the economic underpinning supporting the fantastic structure of American modern art, of which one of its façades is Abstract Expressionism. . . . Modern art in America was given its most substantial injection when men and women of great fortunes and with large art collections organized the Museum of Modern Art on the good American principle of Good Business. These vested interests launched this project not only to protect the economic value of their collections but also incidently as a public service.

When the Museum of Modern Art was first organized it was not a groundswell from the grass roots of American art and artists. Please go back to your newspaper files and note the list of names of great wealth and carefully examine the kind of art collections which formed this pool. Then follow the story of the type of hired brains that this pool appointed to promote the kind of education the American public is enjoying in the field of art. Of course, now, when almost all the art strongholds in America have been captured, the rear-guard shots heard in your pages are pathetic popgun echoes of what has been happening these last five decades. It merely attests to the effectiveness of the type of promotion technique so successfully used by Madison Avenue. The conversion of the national taste paid off handsomely to the originators, the hirelings and these that got on the band wagon early.

LIONEL S. REISS
New York, N. Y.

► *Pablum-GOP and Mush-Dem*

SIRS:

IN your February 2 issue, TRB makes a rather sweeping attack on political scientists, who were supposed to have "hailed the system" of non-ideological parties producing a gruel which was purveyed to the people out of non-doctrinaire chrome nozzles, one product called "Pablum-GOP" and the other "Mush-Dem." Probably no protests were received by you (I have seen none), because your Washington man actually said "All the *famous* Political Scientists"—and no one ventured to pretend that he was "famous." *All* political scientists do not support a system of two identical political parties. The fact is that most of them do not support any system. A small number, about one hundred, have been studying political parties for periods ranging from two to forty years; with the exception of three or four, they haven't concluded their studies yet. They are so fully occupied trying to devise better methods of analysis that they haven't felt the urge to approve or disapprove the existing system. It is widely believed that the majority of all political scientists (say about 75 percent) vote Democratic. Maybe about 20 percent—including Malcolm Moos, James Pollock and Franklin Burdette—are reputed to be Republicans. That leaves about five percent of all political scientists, regardless of specialty, who could be satisfied with the No Difference Two-Party System. But are they famous?

I sometimes wonder whether *The New Republic* would recognize a political scientist if it saw one. . . . Your present contributing editor, Helen Hill Miller, and a former associate of yours, V. O. Key—are political scientists, and famous to boot: what do they say? This question is pertinent because *The New Republic* is one of the half-dozen "popular" journals which persistently address themselves to the discussion of political issues and party politics. Do not misunderstand me: *The New Republic* discharges these duties very competently. . . . Do I want you to change your style, structure and anonymous practices? No, not that—but I can ask that when judgments are passed on the professional political scientists, they be buttressed with some documentation.

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